

*NAPOLEON AND HIS OLD  
GUARD.*

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and the fascination he still exercised over all who were about his person.

"He has ruined us—he has destroyed France and himself—yet I love him still; it is impossible to be near him and not love him. He has so much greatness of soul, such majesty of manner. He bewitches all minds; approach him with a thousand prejudices, and you quit him filled with admiration: but then, his mad ambition! his ruinous infatuation! his obstinacy without bounds! Besides, he was wont to set everything upon a cast — his game was all or nothing! Even the battle of Waterloo might have been retrieved had he not charged with the Guard. This was the reserve of the army, and should have been employed in covering his retreat instead of attacking; but with him, whenever matters looked desperate, he resembled a mad dog. He harangued the Guard — he put himself at its head — it debouched rapidly, and rushed upon the enemy. We were mowed down by grape — we wavered — turned our backs, and the rout was complete. A general disorganization of the army ensued, and Napoleon, rousing himself from the stupor into which he had sunk, was cold as a stone. The last time I saw him was in-returning from the charge, when all was lost. My thigh had been broken by a musket-shot in advancing, and I remained in the rear, having fallen on the ground. Napoleon passed close by me; his nose was buried in his snuff-box, and his bridle fell loosely on the neck of his horse, which was pacing leisurely along. A Scotch regiment was advancing at the charge in the distance. The Emperor was almost alone. Lallemand only was with him. The latter still exclaimed, 'All is not lost, Sire; all is not lost! Bally, soldiers! rally!' The Emperor replied not a word. Lallemand recognized me in passing. 'What has happened to you, Eaoul?' — 'My thigh is shattered with a musket-ball/ —' Poor devil, how I pity you! how I pity you! Adieu! adieu!" The Emperor uttered not a word."

In the midst of the horrid rout that followed it was not known what had

become of Napoleon. Some of the soldiers  
declared that he had perished. When  
this was announced